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draw the Negroes. And we return to Brest the end of our three years voyage, of which the child gets an idea in half an hour, and an idea associated with the most remarkable things, and the most known, on which

the master should amplify, so as to excite a lively curiosity and interest in geography, and a disposition to detail that we must bring forward by a slow gradation —*De La Lande.*

## POETRY.

1797.

JUVENAL,

*Part of 8th Satire—imitated.*

SAY ye who perch on lofty pedigree,  
What fruit is gather'd from the parchment  
tree?  
Broad as it spreads, and tow'ring to the  
skies,  
From root plebeian, its first glories rise;  
What then avails, when rightly understood,  
The boast of ancestry, the pride of blood?  
Through the long galleries pictur'd walk to  
tread,  
And, pompous, ponder on the mighty dead,  
Where greatness rattles in some rotten  
frame,  
And the moth feeds on beauty's fading  
flame,  
O'er the pale portrait, and the noseless bust,  
Oblivion strews a soft, sepulchral dust;  
The line illustrious seems to stain the wall,  
And one sublime of soot envelopes all.  
What could the trophy'd he to Howe atone  
For British honour mortgag'd with his  
own?  
His nightly cares and watchings to sustain  
A bank at Pharo, and a chess-campaign?  
While Wolfe, on high, in pictur'd glory, lies,  
The cry of vict'ry hails, and, smiling, dies.  
Dare Courtenay claim the honours of his  
kind?  
The pompous lineage shames the pigmy  
mind.  
His coat armorial chalk'd upon the floor,  
Costs what would satiate a thousand poor.  
Well-pleas'd the peer one moment to a  
muse,  
Then yields the pageant to the dancer's  
shoes.  
Base-born such men, tho' fill'd with re-  
gal blood,  
The truly noble are the truly good;  
And he whose mors'ls thro' his manners  
shine,

May boast himself of the Milesian line,  
Let plain humility precede his grace,  
Let modest merit walk before the mace:  
Office and rank are duties of the mind,  
The rights they claim, are debts they owe  
mankind;

And not a voice among the nameless crowd,  
That may not cry — 'Tis I who make them  
proud.

To rule strong passions with a calm con-  
trol,  
To spread around a sanctity of soul,  
That meets, serene, the foam of public  
strife,  
And perfumes every act of lesser life,  
Virtue to feel, and virtue to impart,  
That household God which consecrates the  
heart,  
Flies from the fretted roof, the gilded  
dome  
To rest within an humbler, happier home;  
Behold the GENTLEMAN—confess'd and  
clear,  
For nature's patent never made a peer,  
The mean ennobled, nor adorn'd the base;  
Merit alone, with her, creates a race.

Conspicuous stars, in chart of hist'ry  
plac'd,  
To clear the dreary, biographic waste,  
In their own right, they take their seats  
sublime,  
And break illustrious through the cloud of  
time.

From nickname'd ears these titles first  
began,  
A Spaniel, Cato—then my Lord, a Man.  
The self-same irony was fram'd to suit  
The fawning biped, and the fawning brute;  
While Pompey smores upon my Lady's lap,  
The infant Lordling feeds, or starves on  
pap.

Puppies well-bred, are Caesar'd into fame,  
And Tommy Townsend takes great Sid-  
ney's name,

Still as the name grows soil'd, and gathers  
dirt,  
They shift their title, as they change their  
shirt,  
Some newer honour makes them white and  
fair,  
Sidney soaps Tom, and Jack is cleans'd by  
Clare.

But how could wash of heraldry efface  
The name of Burke,\* and dignify disgrace!  
Could peerage blazon o'er the pension'd  
page,  
Or give a gloss to ignominious age?  
Himself, the prime corrupter of his laws,  
Himself, the grievance which incens'd he  
draws;  
Not to be blam'd, but in a tender tone,  
Not to be prais'd, but with a heart-felt  
groan,  
He lives, a lesson for all future time,  
Pathetically great, and painfully sublime.

O why is genius curs'd with length of  
days?

The head still flourishing, the heart decays;  
Protracted life makes virtue less secure;  
The death of wits is seldom premature.

Quench'd too by years, gigantic John-  
son's zeal,  
The unwieldy Elephant was taught to kneel,  
Bore his strong tower to please a servile  
court,  
And wreath'd his lithe proboscis for their  
sport.

Of Burke and Johnson fly th' opprobrious  
fame;  
And if you seek the glory, dread the shame.  
The much-prais'd Press, has made abortive  
men,  
The hand herculean lifts the puny pen,  
For clang of armour, and for deeds sub-  
lime,  
Much pointed period, much syllabic chime.

Retirn to him, from whom our satire  
springs;  
Rich in the blood of concubines and kings,  
With greatness rising from a grāndſire's  
bone,  
And bastard honour from a bastard throne.  
His turgid veins the true succession shows,  
Th' imperial purple flames upon his nose.  
Avant, he cries, ye vulgar and ye base,  
Learn the prerogatives of royal race,  
From York and Lancaster, conjoin'd I  
come,

\* There was an idea of hiding the name  
of Burke under a Title.

Sink down, ye dregs—I float at top—the  
scum.

Yet grant that some, the lowest of the  
throng,  
Have known the right, as well as felt the  
wrong,

That he who rul'd with iron rod, the skies;  
And at whose feet the broken sceptre lies;  
He too, whose daring democratic pen  
Gives common-sense once more to common  
men,

Who smiles at genius in confusion hurl'd,  
And, with light lever, elevates the world;  
Grant, that such men, the Adams of their  
line

Spring from the earth, but own a sire divine;  
While you, with ancestry around you  
plac'd,

In bronze or marble, porcelain or paste;  
May rise at death, to alabaster fame,  
And gaft the smoke of honour, not the  
flame.

Thus far for him, the proud inflated lord,  
With father concubin'd, and mother whor'd!  
In all so high in rank, or man, or woman;  
No sense so rare, as what we call the com-  
mon.

Scorning that level, they ascend the skies  
Like the puff'd bag, whose lightness makes  
it rise;  
Titles and arms the varnish'd silk may bear,  
Within—tis nought but pestilential air.

What's honour?—virtue to its height  
refin'd,  
The felt aroma of the unseen mind,  
That cheers the senses, tho' it cheats the  
sight,  
And spreads abroad, its elegant delight.

Turn from the past, and bring thy ho-  
nours home—  
Thyself the ancestor, for times to come.  
Not the low parasite who prowls for  
bread,  
So mean as he who lives upon the dead,  
From some dri'd mummy draws his noble  
claim.  
Snuffs up the fector, and believes it fame.

Be just, be generous, self-dependent,  
brave  
Think nothing meaner than a titl'd slave;  
Cobly resolve to act the patriot part,  
Join Sidney's pulse to Russell's generous  
heart:  
With proud complacence stand, like Pal-  
mer, pure,  
Or, with mild dignity of honest Muir,

Before the brazen bulls of law, and hear  
The savage sentence, with a smile severe,  
A smile that deems it mercy to be hurl'd,  
Where one may tread against the present  
world.

What is life, here? its zest, and flavour  
gone,  
The flow'r faded, and its essence flown.  
What precious balm, what aromatic art,  
Can cleanse pollution from the public heart?

Better to make the farthest earth our  
home,  
With nature's commoner's at large to roamt,  
Than join this social war of clan to clan,  
Where civil life has barbariz'd the man.

Behold youn ISLE—the glory of the west,  
By nature's hand, in lively verdure drest,  
How to the world, it spreads its harbour'd  
side,  
And proudly swells above th' Atlantic tide,  
Where to the ocean, Shannon yields his  
store,  
And scorns the channel of a subject shore.  
Green meadows spread—resplendent rivers  
run—  
A healthy climate, and a temperate sun.  
There—misery sits, and eats her lazy root,  
There—man is proud to dog his brother  
brute—

In sloth, the genius of the Isle decays,  
Lost in his own, reverts to former days,  
Yet still, like Lear, would in his hovel rule,  
Mock'd by the madman, jested by the fool.

There meet th' extremes of rank, there  
social art,  
Has levell'd mankind by the selfish heart.  
There no contented middle rank we trace,  
The sole ambition to be rich and base.  
Some, o'er their native element, elate,  
Like ice-form'd islands, tow'r in frozen  
state,  
Repel all nature, with their gelid breath,  
And what seems harbour, is the jaw of  
death;  
The wretched mass beat down the strug-  
gling mind,  
Nor see, nor feel their country, nor their  
kind;  
But bow the back, and bend the eye to  
earth,  
And strangle feeling, in its infant birth;  
Through all, extends one sterile swamp of  
soul,  
And fogz of apathy invest the whole.

Thrioe blest in fate, had Strongbow ne-  
ver bore,  
His band of robbers to green Erin's shore!

In savage times, the seat of learning knowna  
In times refin'd, itsel the savage grown;  
Left to herself, she of herself had join'd  
Surrounding nations, in the race of mind.  
With them, work'd off the rough barbar-  
ian soul,  
With them progressive to a common goal.  
Her petty chieftains, conquer'd by the  
throne,  
For common interest, while it meant its  
own;  
By law, at length, the King to people  
chain'd,  
His duties modell'd, and their rights main-  
tain'd,  
From strong collision of internal strife,  
Had sprung an energy of public life,  
(For pain and travail that precede the  
birth,  
Endear sweet freedom to the mother earth.)  
Then, man had rais'd his spacious fore-head  
high,  
Lord, of himself, the sea, the soil, the sky,  
Twin'd round his sword, the wreath of civic  
art,  
And prov'd the wisdom of a fearless heart:  
No penal code had then impal'd the land—

\* \* \* \* \*

X.

#### *SELECTED POETRY.*

##### *ODE TO PATIENCE.*

BY THE LATE MRS. SHERIDAN, MOTHER  
TO R. B. SHERIDAN.

UNAW'D by threats, unmoved by force,  
My steady soul pursues her course,  
Collected, calm, resigned;  
Say, you who search with curious eyes,  
The source whence human actions rise,  
Say, whence this turn of mind;  
'Tis patience....Lenient goddess, hail!  
Oh! let thy votary's vow prevail,  
Thy threaten'd flight to stay;  
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,  
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,  
And rul'd with gentle sway.  
Thro' all the various turns of fate,  
Ordain'd me in each several state,  
My wayward lot has known;  
What taught me silently to bear,  
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,  
When sorrow weigh'd me down?  
'Twas patience....Temperate goddess, stay!  
For still thy dictates I obey,  
Nor yield to passion's power;